



*Miss Danvers greeting her Brother  
upon his good luck in finding a dead  
sheep upon the Common.*

10

THE  
STRANGE AND UNACCOUNTABLE  
L I F E  
OF THE PENURIOUS  
DANIEL DANCER, Esq.

---

A MISERABLE MISER,  
Who died in a Sack, though worth upwards of £ 3000. per Ann.

---

WITH SINGULAR ANECDOTES  
OF THE FAMOUS

JEMMY TAYLOR,  
THE SOUTHWARK USURER, a CHARACTER WELL  
KNOWN UPON THE STOCK EXCHANGE:

---

TO WHICH IS ADDED, A TRUE ACCOUNT OF  
HENRY WELBY,  
Who lived invisible Forty-Four Years in Grub Street;  
WITH A SKETCH OF THE LIFE OF THE  
REV. GEORGE HARVEST;  
Called the Absent Man; or, Parson and Player.

---

THE SECOND EDITION.

---

London:

PRINTED FOR ANN LEMOINE, WHITE-ROSE  
COURT, COLEMAN-STREET; AND SOLD BY  
LEE AND HURST, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

---

MDCCXCVII.

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Price Sixpence.







STRANGE and UNACCOUNTABLE

*L I F E*

OF THE PENURIOUS

DANIEL DANCER, Esq.

---

**I**T is presumed by Philosophers that the most important Study for the improvement of mankind is *MAN*, and this knowledge cannot be more profitably acquired than in perusing, those true examples of human life, recorded in the vicissitudes and incidents which Biography presents impartially to the mind, with the direction of truth for their application to the purposes of our own lives and actions, for imitation or abhorrence.

In this view, however elevated or depressed the hero of the piece may be, some useful instruction may still be gained, as we find our-

B

selves

selves more or less interested in his transactions. In relating the splendid actions of ambitious heroes, little is offered that can be adopted or imitated by the most numerous class of society, but in detailing the events concomitant with the most miserable penury, a lesson is produced, fraught with wisdom, the chief purport of which is to shew in what small estimation riches are in the eyes of God, who wisely and equally condemns to human distress, the " Miser that scrapes, as the spend-thrift that scatters."

Avarice the most degrading of all passions to the understanding, and the most deleterious to our happiness, exhibits a humiliating Picture of human nature, and most impressively illustrates the undeniable truth that Wealth, cannot confer ease to its possessor, but on the contrary, fills him with the most alarming fears for the safety of this imaginary good, and naturally suggests the most consolatory reflection to forbearing poverty, whose unequal share in the distribution of wealth is more than counterballanced by the comparison.

With this view is here presented to the public, the following exact particulars of the most remarkable instances of the misery which is ever an attendant upon the mind cursed with the insanity of saving. It appears by the parish register that Mr. Daniel Dancer, was born in the year 1716, and was the eldest of four children, three sons and a daughter. His Father



ther lived on Harrow Weald Common, near Harrow on the Hill, where he possessed property to a very considerable amount and which his son by the most determined and whimsical abstemiousness, increased to upwards of three thousand pounds per annum.

The years of his minority probably passed unnoticed, as nothing is recorded of him in his youth that might indicate that singularity and propensity to SAVE, and which so peculiarly distinguished his maturer years, that a detail of his actions are now offered to the world as the most perfect examples of *saving knowledge*, and how misery may be multiplied by self-denial, for the purpose of accumulating useless riches.

Mr. Dancer as is just now observed, had a sister, whose disposition to reserve, perfectly accorded with his own, and as they lived together many years, their stories are necessarily connected, and will furnish in the sequel, the most melancholy and degrading instance of the infirmity and folly of human weakness.

The daily appearance of this Lady abroad, when it happened that necessity or her condescension drew her out, exhibited the most perfect resemblance of one of the witches of former times, for it is certain, that had not Philosophy and the extension of knowledge long ago banished the belief in witchcraft, Miss Dancer had certainly been taken up by the witchfinders, and most probably burned for her acquaintance with poverty, which made her ap-

pear in such a questionable form that even the sagacious Matthew Hopkins, witch-hunter to King James, might have mistaken this animated bundle of rags for a correspondant with familiar spirits, for her appearance might with justice, be pronounced, as not to be of this fashionable world.

Her accoutrements were usually a mixture of male with female paraphernalia, tied round with a ravelling of hemp, for even in this part of her attire, she studied how to make one cord last long, by untwisting it to make it go further, and thus perfectly a walking dunghill, she would sally forth, armed with a broom stick, or a pitchfork, to check the progress of such daring marauders as had the audacity to intrude upon her brother's grounds; on which occasions her neighbours observed she had more the appearance of a walking dunghill than of one of the fair Sex.

The miserable hovel in which this harmonious and uniform pair took up their earthly residence, was perfectly of a piece with themselves. Like Drake's Ship, it had suffered so much by repairs, and still wanted so much that a bit of the original building could scarcely be distinguished by the most diligent antiquarian, for there was not one article of moveables which can be mentioned but had, at one time or another been nailed to some part of the mansion, either to keep out the weather, or what Mr. and Miss Dancer deemed more troublesome

troublesome, the neighbouring feline species, which, strange to declare, often ventured into this house of famine, lured, no doubt, by the inviting scent of the vermin within, some of which species often had the temerity to dispute the antiquity of their right of possession, for it cannot be supposed that this saving pair could think of the extravagance of keeping a cat who daily denied themselves the natural call of appetite.

A neighbour going in one day found Mr. Dancer pulling the nails out of the side of his bellows, and upon asking him the reason, he replied, that, wanting some nails to fasten a piece of leather, to a hole which time had effected in the boarding of the house he thought he could spare some out of this useful piece of furniture which would save buying, observing, that Undertakers, Trunk-makers, and Bellows-makers, were the most extravagant and wastful fellows in the world in their profusion of nails.

Miss Dancer's disposition exactly corresponded with his own, and she lived, or rather vegetated, in this delightful mansion winter and summer, making each season keep pace with her frugal maxims, for out of a *little*, she had learned to *spare*, as extravagance was in her opinion the most unpardonable fault.

The purpose of life is for refinement and improvement in some pursuit or other. This couple only lived to save money, therefore  
every



every action of theirs only tended to the accumulation of wealth, and it was a long while before they had arrived at the summit of the ART OF SAVING, by absolutely denying themselves regular repast, however coarse in quality or scanty in quantity, for they for a series of years lived as sumtuously as three pounds of sticking of beef, and fourteen hard dumplings would allow for the short space of seven days, and this supply for years served them week after week, though during the hot weather in summer, the state of the meat might urge greater expedition and fresher supplies, yet they never were observed to relinquish their daily portion with one cold dumpling and a draught of water!

Half a bullock's head, with occasionally a few stale trotters, made broth for whole weeks, and this was sometimes rendered more savory by the addition of a few half-picked bones, which he took up in his walks, and of which he daily deprived the dogs.

Their way of life suffered no variation, one uniform application of the principle of *saving* pervaded every action of their lives, and was the constant object of every point of view. Their œconomical arrangements were constantly the same, save that now and then accident might throw something in their way, which might spare the weekly expenditure for the three pounds of *sticking*, for Mr. Dancer's constant and strict attention in his walks about his

## DANIEL DANCER, Esq. 11

his ground, sometimes afforded him a piece of delicious viand, which the hand of more dainty and extravagant appetite had thrown aside not so much for the sake of variety, as for the nauseous increase of smell it had acquired, which rendering it unfit for its former owner, seemed, when picked up, to endear it the more to the parsimonious finder, who immediately calculated upon the saving it, would produce to this thrifty pair in their weekly commons.

An uncommon instance of this kind occurred one summer's morning, which for many weeks discontinued the inquiries at the butcher's shop after the allowance of neck-beef, and while it offered a change in their mode of living, gratified their darling avarice and insatiable propensity to save money.

It happened one morning as Mr. Dancer was taking his usual walk upon the common, to pick up bones, sticks, or any bit of rag or other matter that might go towards repairing his cloaths or his house, that he found a dead sheep, which had apparently died from natural disease, and most probably was in a putrid state. This was a rare prize for Mr. Dancer, and incredible as it may appear, he took it up and bore it home on his shoulder in triumph to his sister, who received it as the immediate gift of heaven to bless their *poor souls* with a change of food, for they had not for years tasted any thing like *it*, and now they were likely to feast for a length of time uncontrouled,

ed, and at no expence neither, which was the most delicate sance that could accompany such a delicious morsel as carrion mutton, to the appetite of a miser.

It was immediately skinned and cut up, and the fat carefully laid aside, and an immense number of pies made of it with proper seasoning, so that Mr. Dancer's house, for a while, resembled a perigord pie maker's shop, preparing to pack up for exportation. On these they feasted with their accustomed frugality for several weeks, until the whole were exhausted; it is even said, that Miss Dancer importuned Mr. Dancer to send two *handsome ones* to Mr. James Taylor, the Borough usurer, of whom a little more hereafter.

When a miser finds a treasure, he is sure to lock it up. Whether Mr. Dancer thought his sister extravagant in the indulgence of her stomach at the beginning of the *pie-feast*, or whether it was his pleasure at the thought of living at a small expence, or at the change of diet the pies supplied, he became unusually careful of them at last, and locked them up in one of his strong coffers. The truth of this, the following anecdote will illustratively supply:

The neighbours one morning observing Miss Dancer rather lower spirited than usual, kindly inquired into the cause, when after some hesitation, she acknowledged, that her brother Daniel had scolded her for eating too much of  
the



the mutton-pies, and told her she was very extravagant, which she observed with the tears in her eyes, was an exceeding hard case, as she loved to save as well as himself, but what vexed her more, he had locked them up in his strong trunk, in order to make them last longer, not trusting her with the key. Miss Dancer, upon the whole, seems to have been a very proper sort of a companion for her brother, for it would have been a difficult case to have matched him any where for savingness.

This couple never manifested any predilection for any mode of worship. Religion did not teach how to save money, so that whenever Mr. Dancer happened to stray into a church or meeting, which happened sometimes in his long walks, it was only for a little rest, and he was sure to depart before the collection was to be made, as he thought the gift of a penny, was parting with the seed of a guinea, which might by little and little, encrease to an hundred. He might indeed be deemed a Predestinarian from the following circumstance, but as Mr. Locke observes, "Let never so much probability hang on one side, a covetous man's reasoning and money in the other, it is easy to foresee which will outweigh" It was during the last illness which terminated his sister's life, that he was importuned to afford her some medical advice and assistance; to which he shrewdly replied, it would cost him money, and besides, continued he, "Why should I

C

waste

ed, and at no expence neither, which was the most delicate sance that could accompany such a delicious morsel as carrion mutton, to the appetite of a miser.

It was immediately skinned and cut up, and the fat carefully laid aside, and an immense number of pies made of it with proper seasoning, so that Mr. Dancer's house, for a while, resembled a perigord pie maker's shop, preparing to pack up for exportation. On these they feasted with their accustomed frugality for several weeks, until the whole were exhausted; it is even said, that Miss Dancer importuned Mr. Dancer to send two *handsome ones* to Mr. James Taylor, the Borough usurer, of whom a little more hereafter.

When a miser finds a treasure, he is sure to lock it up. Whether Mr. Dancer thought his sister extravagant in the indulgence of her stomach at the beginning of the *pie-feast*, or whether it was his pleasure at the thought of living at a small expence, or at the change of diet the pies supplied, he became unusually careful of them at last, and locked them up in one of his strong coffers. The truth of this, the following anecdote will illustratively supply:

The neighbours one morning observing Miss Dancer rather lower spirited than usual, kindly inquired into the cause, when after some hesitation, she acknowledged, that her brother Daniel had scolded her for eating too much of  
the

the mutton-pies, and told her she was very extravagant, which she observed with the tears in her eyes, was an exceeding hard case, as she loved to save as well as himself, but what vexed her more, he had locked them up in his strong trunk, in order to make them last longer, not trusting her with the key. Miss Dancer, upon the whole, seems to have been a very proper sort of a companion for her brother, for it would have been a difficult case to have matched him any where for savingness.

This couple never manifested any predilection for any mode of worship. Religion did not teach how to save money, so that whenever Mr. Dancer happened to stray into a church or meeting, which happened sometimes in his long walks, it was only for a little rest, and he was sure to depart before the collection was to be made, as he thought the gift of a penny, was parting with the seed of a guinea, which might by little and little, encrease to an hundred. He might indeed be deemed a Predestinarian from the following circumstance, but as Mr. Locke observes, "Let never so much probability hang on one side, a covetous man's reasoning and money in the other, it is easy to foresee which will outweigh" It was during the last illness which terminated his sister's life, that he was importuned to afford her some medical advice and assistance; to which he shrewdly replied, it would cost him money, and besides, continued he, "Why should I  
C waste



waste my money in wickedly and wantonly trying to oppose the will of God?—if the girl is come to her latter end, nothing can save her, and all I may do, will only tend to make me lose my money, and she may as well die now as at any other time; if I thought bleeding would recover her, I would open the vein myself, but I cannot think of paying for physic for dying people.” The dread of incurring expence, and parting with his darling coin, was insurmountable. Mr. Dancer’s reasoning on the conduct of Providence, even tended towards his favorite penchant SAVE MONEY.

Perhaps never having felt the inconveniency of ill health, or from that callosity of heart, ever attendant upon the avaricious mind, he at this period, allowed his sister in her last exigency, but the usual portion of *sticking of beef*, with the cold hard dumpling—to which he added the miser’s humanity, “If you don’t like it, why go without.” But Mr. Dancer’s deficiency of care, was very amply supplied by the late Lady Tempest, who afforded every attention and kindness necessary to the case of Miss Dancer.

This lady was possessed of more than 2000*l*. which she intended to leave to Lady Tempest for her extraordinary care in her last illness, but she unfortunately, for Lady Tempest, expired before she could sign a will in her favor, and her property being thus left intestate, and at the disposition of the law, her two brothers wished

wished equally to divide it with Mr. Dancer, but to this proposal he would not agree, and obstinately refused to comply with any proposal they could make, insomuch that after a long while persevering, and obstinately refusing to come to any agreement of participation, a lawsuit followed, and Mr. Dancer recovered 1040l. of his sister's fortune, as the regular price of her board and lodging for thirty years, at thirty pounds per annum, and one hundred pounds for the two last years, for this charge he declared to be very *reasonable*, as during that time she had done nothing but *eat and lie in bed*. The remainder of her fortune, after these extraordinary deductions, was equally divided between the two brothers and Mr. Dancer.

It is very difficult to account for the Miser's motive in saving money, for he does it at the expence of every natural gratification and reasonable indulgence, without any view of ever enjoying it, for as age advances, his thirst after riches encreases, and the more he acquires, the more he still craves, and never seems to obtain the end of his pursuit, while on the contrary, other passions lose themselves in enjoyment, and ultimately with the decline of advancing years, which only strengthen the Miser's inordinate desire after useless riches, for, "Like the magpye, he hides the gold he cannot make use of."

Mr. Dancer's calculations for saving money

were systematical and regular ; nothing escaped his attention to that sole object of his soul, and so rigid was his avarice, that he rarely washed his face or hands, because soap was dear, towels would wear out, and besides when dirty, were expensive washing, however, to obviate the too great inconvenience, of the accumulation of filth, he would, once in two or three weeks, in summer time, repair to a neighbouring pond, and there wash himself with sand, and afterwards lie on his back in the grass to dry his skin in the sunshine.

His wardrobe might very justly boast more sorts and colors, and more substances than all the peripheralia of a strolling Company of players, and yet notwithstanding all the curious patching, and artful contrivances of his needle, for it was a maxim with Mr. Dancer to be his own taylor, he sometimes succeeded so ill in covering the *outward man* that his garments of many sorts, could not prevent half exposing what it but partly concealed, but he generally kept them together by a strong hay-band girt round his waist. His stockings were so much darned, that it was difficult to discern what they were for patches, for none of the original could ever be discovered, and in dirty or cold weather, they were strongly fortified with ropes of twisted hay, for which he had a happy talent ; this contrivance served him for boots, and when he declined them he could untwist them, and they served to increase the bulk of his bed.

For



For many years it was his opinion that every man ought to be his own cobbler, and for this employ he had a lucky genius, which he indulged so far as to keep by him the most necessary tools for mending shoes; but these, it must impartially be observed, cost him nothing, for he had borrowed one at a time from different persons until he had possessed himself of a compleat set, and with these he mended his own shoes, so admirably, that what he wore by the frequent jobs and coverings they had received from his thrifty hands, had become so ponderous, that running a race in them would have been impracticable, and besides their dimensions were so much enlarged that they resembled hog-troughs more than shoes. To keep these upon his feet he took several yards of cord which he twisted round his ancles in the manner the antient Romans wore their sandals.

Linen was a luxury to which notwithstanding his avaricious disposition, he was not quite a stranger, for at an early period of his saving career, he used to buy two shirts annually, but for some years previous to his death, he never allowed himself more than one, for which he would constantly bestow at some old clothes shop, two shillings and sixpence, but was never but once known to go to so *handsome* a price as three shillings. After it had got into his possession, it never underwent the necessary operation of either washing or mending; upon his

back it was doomed to perpetual slavery until it fell off in rags. Hence it cannot be doubted, nor will it surprize the reader to be told, that notwithstanding Mr. Dancer's peculiarity of disposition induced him to shun the world, he was never without a very numerous retinue about him, whose lively spirit and attachment to his person made his acquaintance as well as his neighbours extremely cautious of approaching his person.

After his sister's death a pair of sheets as black as foot-bags were discovered upon the bed, but these he would never suffer to be removed, and when they were worn out were never replaced, so that after that time, he relinquished the use of linen to sleep upon.

He would not allow any one to make his bed, tho' Lady Tempest often solicited him to permit it; and for many years his room was never swept. Towards the time of his death, it was observed to be nearly filled with sticks, which he had stolen out of the neighbouring hedges. A considerable quantity of odd shapen gravel stones were also found in a bag, but for what use these were intended is unknown.

The report of his riches, and the idea of its concealment about the house, once brought a troop of housebreakers, who very easily entered and without any search-warrant, rumaged every corner of the place, and although this domiciliary visit cost the lives of some of them, they took

took away but little property. Old Dancer had been long on his guard, and his mode of hiding was so peculiar to himself that the grand object of the thieves was never discoverable by them. Mr. Dancer concealed his treasure where no one could ever think of seeking for it; Bank notes were usually deposited with the spiders, they were hid amongst the cobwebs in the cowhouse, and guineas in holes in the chimney, and about the fireplace covered with soot & ashes. Soon after the robbery when the thieves were apprehended and to be tried: it being necessary that Mr. Dancer should attend the trial, Lady Tempest requested that in order to appear a little decent, he would change his shirt and she would lend him a clean one. "No, no," he replied, "it is not necessary; the shirt I have on is quite *new*, I bought it only three weeks ago and then it was clean."

As Mr. Dancer was a man of no great delicacy of manners, it had been often doubted if ever he was in love. A certain female visitor at Lady Tempest's once asked him if he had *ever made love?* to which the old Hunks replied "No Madam, I always get it ready made, but I sha'nt come to you I promise you."

His extreme love of money overcame every other consideration, and to this idol mammon he even sacrificed brotherly affection. From the evident want of this principle, and to his attachment to gain may be accounted his strange  
behaviour



behaviour, as before related, to his sister at her latter end. But in one singular instance, & to the canine species too, he seemed, in some measure; to forego his favorite idea of saving. This was a dog of which he was extremely fond, and which he called by the familiar appellation of *Bob my child*. His treatment of this animal offers an instance of that inconsistency in human acting, which philosophy in vain seeks to account for.

While his self denial was so severe that he denied himself a penny loaf a day, and existed intirely upon Lady Tempest's pot liquor and scraps from her kitchen; of which he would cram so greedily that he was frequently under the necessity of rolling himself upon the floor before he could go to sleep: he allowed this dog he called Bob, a pint of milk daily, and this he paid for, as it was constantly supplied by a neighbouring farmer, when he had parted with his farming stock and had not one cow left.

Once upon a time, a complaint being made to him that his dog Bob had worried some of neighbour's sheep, he took the dog to a farrier's shop and had all his teeth filed down. For this barbarous action he never assigned any reason, possibly it might be to prevent the like again, as he might shrewdly guess that any further camage from his dog's mischievous manners might bring expences upon him, as he was certainly

tainly liable to be compelled to pay the expenses.

He was so attentive to every thing that might turn to any advantage, however remote, that he has walked two miles when compelled by the dictates of nature, rather than not save the manure for his own grounds.

Whenever he went out, he carefully gathered up every fragment of wood he could find. He was so remarkably careful of this article that some carpenters observing his eagerness after chips contrived to place some in his road that had been previously be---t, this stratagem did not deter Mr. Dancer from carefully pocketing the bits of timber, and though besmeared with something as aromatic as ever came out of Pandora's box, they found their way to his store-room, where he deposited all his gatherings as carefully as if they had been worthy of being presented to the British Museum.

His sister being dead, and finding himself lonesome, he hired a man for his companion, and in his choice he shewed much discernment, for his man Griffiths was a proper counterpart of himself -- both miserable alike, but when they went out they took different roads, though both followed the same occupation, only that the servant indulged more taste for strong beer, a liquor which Mr. Dancer carefully avoided as costing money, but Griffiths would tipple a little, which was the cause of much altercation  
on

on at night when these *saving* souls met. However Griffiths generally came loaded with bones some of which having some fragments of flesh on served to heighten their repast and quieted the master's impending storm. This fellow had by as severe parsimony as that exercised by Mr. Dancer, contrived to accumulate 500l out of wages which had never exceeded 10l per annum.

At the time he lived with Mr. Dancer, he was upwards of sixty, and hired himself to him for *eighteen pence a week*.

Every trait of so singular a character is interesting. Mr. Dancer having occasion to come to London one day for the purpose of investing *two thousand* pounds in the funds, a gentleman who did not *know* him met him near the Royal Exchange, and mistaking him for a beggar, charitably slipped a penny into his hands. Jemmy Taylor the Borough usurer, who stood-by was a little surprized, but Mr. Dancer seemed to understand the gentleman very well, and observing to Taylor *every little helps*, he pocketed the halfpence and walked on. Perhaps he might consider this penny as the seed of a pound to which it might attain by gentle gradations, and as the human mind is always pleased with prospects of what it wishes, Mr. Dancer might contemplate this penny multiplying itself progressively, until it arrived at thousands, for as Lord Chesterfield observes, *Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care*

*of*



*of themselves.* In fact the truth is that wealth is at first acquired by very minute particles, small sums are the semina of great ones, and may very aptly be compared to seconds of time which generate years, centuries, and even eternity itself.

Lady Tempest was the only person who had any influence on this unfortunate miser, and though she knew his fortune was at last to devolve to her and Captain Holmes, yet she, with that gentleman, with the utmost solicitude, employed every contrivance to make him partake of those conveniencies and natural indulgencies, which his fortune could supply, and which his advanced years required, but all their intreaties were without effect. “Where was he to get the money — how could he afford it, if it was not for charitable assistance how could he live? One day however, this lady with a great deal of persuasion, prevailed upon him to purchase a hat, which he did at last of a jew for a shilling, having worn the one he then possessed upwards of fourteen years, but yet it was too good in his eye to throw away. When Lady Tempest visited him the next time, she, to her great astonishment, perceived him still with his old hat on. On importuning him for the reason, he at last told her that after much solicitation he had prevailed on his OLD MAN GRIFFITHS to give him SIXPENCE profit upon the hat he had purchased by her desire, of the jew, a few days before.

Mr.

Mr. Dancer was very partial to trout stewed in claret, with which he used to be indulged at Lady Tempest's. That lady having some once in very cold weather, sent him a plateful as a present, but lying by all night, in the morning the stew was congealed, and as he was very liable to the tooth-ach, he did not dare eat it until it was warmed. How to get over this difficulty was a very serious consideration, for to light a fire was an expence he could not afford; but his thrifty genius soon however, suggested a means of imparting a sufficient degree of warmth to the mess for him to venture to eat it without the molestation of pain, and even without incurring the most trivial expence. In frosty weather as it was then, he always lay in bed to keep himself warm, and a lucky thought coming into his brains, he imagined that he might impart sufficient heat to the fish to venture upon eating it if it was placed under him in bed, for this purpose he placed the fish under his backside, being in the sauce, and between two pewter plates, and sat upon it until all was sufficiently warm for him to eat it!

To those who cannot exist without every conveniency in life, and even without every artificial appendage to luxury, let them turn to this old miser worth more than FIVE THOUSAND pounds per annum, for the sake of making that sum still more, foregoing even that superlative

tive comfort a fire in winter-time — Ye spend-thrifts read this anecdote and blush !!!

Mr. Dancer had arrived at his 78th year before he felt any serious cause of complaint to call in a doctor. His antipathy to the medical tribe has been already mentioned, therefore it was in vain to advise him to take any medicine when there was a necessity for it.

During the illness which terminated this miserable man's mispent life in the 78th year of his age, in the month of October 1794: Lady Tempest accidentally called upon him and found him lying in an old sack, which came up to his chin, and his head wrapped up in pieces of the same materials as big as a beehive. On her remonstrating against the impropriety of such a situation, he observed that being a *very poor man*, he could not afford better, and having come into the world without a shirt, he was determined to go out in the same manner, as he brought nothing with him, he did not think he had any right to carry any thing away, and the less he made use of he thought was the more acceptable to God, so that in his last moments, he made his saving notions square with his most serious thoughts, Lady Tempest then requested him to have a pillow to raise his head which he refused, but ordered his old servant Griffiths, to bring him some litter out of the stable to raise his head as the lady thought he would lie easier.

Though

D



Though Mr. Dancer never indulged himself in the extravagant luxury of snuff-taking, yet he was careful always to solicit a pinch or two from those who did; but it was not to gratify his own nose, no such thing! it was to lay by in a box which he carried about him for that purpose, and when full he would barter its contents at a neighbouring chandler's shop for farthing candles, which he made to last him until he had replenished his box again. Mr. Dancer never suffered any light in his house except what issued from the glimmer of the fire, unless while he was going to bed.

His opinion of the profession of physic was rather singular and seemed to border upon predestination. To use his own language, the *medical tinkers* were all a set of rogues that while they patched up one hole always contrived to make ten for a better job; but he allowed of the utility of surgery in repairing accidental fractures, though not often without the reflection that they were seldom nothing else than *Cutting Butchers*.

His prejudice against the whole tribe, of lawyers was determined in the extreme, indeed his inveteracy was the result of strongly feeling the effects of their chicanery, and his aversion to this class of men was so great that he would even forego his own interest to gratify his resentment, as the following anecdote will prove.

Having, as was usually his half yearly custom agreed with an old cloaths woman for a  
shirt

shirt for half a crown as he thought, the dealer called at his house and left him one worth three shillings, but for which he refused to pay any more than his original agreement of 2s 6d notwithstanding the party urged the goodness and the fineness of the article; Mr. Dancer was impenetrable, and no more than the half crown would he pay, which the woman as peremptorily refusing, at last applied to the court of Request of the district, to which he was obliged to repair, although it cost him five pence on the journey for bread and cheese, and the cost of hearing &c. in all upwards of four and sixpence. This had such an effect on Mr. Dancer's mind that he ever afterwards held the lawyers in abhorrence, for to give or pay were not to be found in his vocabulary. Addition and multiplication were his favourite rules and usury was not seldom left out of his good deeds.

The most delightful task of Mr. Dancer's life was to count his gold and to visit the holes where it lay deposited and to see all was safe. Upon one of these nocturnal visits he was not a little frightened while counting the contents of one of his rich pots in the cow house a large *Tom cat*, terrified at his untimely appearance in that place, made a spring from his place of concealment and rushing through a hole in the boarding left Mr. Dancer in such a panic that he thought old nick himself was watching his motions: to add to his terror, in returning back

to the house he fell over something soft in his way, which proved at last to be a poor Jackass upon the ground which had strayed in thro' one of the many apertures time had made in the enclosure of his estate.

Though Mr Dancer, by his spirit of covetousness debased himself in this sordid manner, yet he kept a horse; this was an aged mare for which he shewed a great partiality, but yet he never allowed her more than two shoes at one time, deeming it an unnecessary expence to shoe the hind feet of the animal, and as he used to say it was more pleasant for the horse to feel the naked grass than to be confined in unnatural shoes.

Mr. Dancer was the most perfect picture of human penury that perhaps ever existed, and the most singular character that ever lived, his habits were those of an hermit, and his extreme avarice rendered him as abstemious as an ascetic of the desert.

In this manner lived, and in this situation died Daniel Dancer, Esquire, a monumental proof to the world that the advantages of fortune, unless properly directed, will not make their possessor happy, Lady Tempest, it ought to be observed here, had but a very short enjoyment of her great accession of wealth which she acquired by this miser's death, for she contracted an illness during her attendance, and attention upon Mr. Dancer's last hours which in a few months closed the period of her own life,  
which



which happened in January 1795,

The house, or rather the heap of ruins, in which Mr. Dancer lived, and which at his death, devolved to the right of Captain Holmes was a most miserable decayed building, frightful and terrific in its outside appearance, for it had not been repaired for more than half a century. But though poor in external appearance, the ruinous fabric was very rich in the interior. It took many weeks to explore its whole contents, and Captain Holmes and Lady Tempest found it a very agreeable task to dive into the miser's secrets. One of the late Mr. Dancer's richest Scrutoires was found to be a dung-heap in the cowhouse, a sum but little short of 2500l was contained in this rich piece of manure, and in an old jacket carefully tied and strongly nailed down to the manger, in Bank notes and gold, five hundred pounds more.

Several large bowls filled with guineas, half guineas, and quantities of silver, were discovered at different times in searching the corners of the house, and various parcels of Bank notes stuffed under the covers of old chairs and cushions. In the stable the Captain found some jugs of Dollars and shillings. It was observable that Mr. Dancer used to visit this place in the dead of the night, but for what purpose, even old Griffiths himself could not guess; but it is supposed it was to rob one jug to add to a bowl which he had buried and was nearly full when taken up from under one of the hearth tiles.

The chimney was not left unsearched and paid very well for the trouble, in nineteen different holes and all filled with soot were found various sums of money amounting together to more than 200*l*. Bank notes to the value of 600*l* were found doubled up in the bottom of an old tea pot : Over these was a bit of paper whimsically inscribed “ Not to be too hastily looked over.”

Mr. Dancer's principal acquaintance, and the most congenial companion of his soul was the penurious Jemmy Taylor of the Borough of Southwark. This genius became acquainted with him accidentally at the Stock Exchange where they chanced to meet to transact some money affairs, and they often visited each other afterwards, for it was a certain satisfaction to each to edify by the other's experience. No doubt but their conversation ran much upon refinements in *hard living*, for Jemmy was as rigid an ascetic as the other, though he did not go quite in so beggarly a stile.

Jemmy Taylor, the miser, was a native of Leicestershire, bred a weaver, and afterwards became a Stock broker. At this *trade* he wove a *web* worth 200,000*l*, a proof that the shuttle of politics and the *silk* of usury had produced a sum far exceeding the value of the most gorgeous garment worn by any eastern monarch from a Persian loom. Yet this sum never adorned him, nor kept him warm. The blanket of a beggar would have served his purpose as well.

He

He fared worse than the meanest mechanic.  
His raiment was ragged, his food indifferent  
and scanty, and his bed hard, for he lay upon  
nothing but rags and straw upon the bare floor,  
and in a house which was hardly habitable.

Gold was all his desire, his constant prayers  
were — Oh Mammon grant me more money !

TAYLOR the Miser craving cries  
In Extasies of Joy,  
GUINEAS will sink all rising Sighs  
And every Ill destroy.

Guineas will Guineas still create  
And double too the Sum,  
And when arrives the Will of Fate  
How sweet to die A PLUMB.

In his last Testament he forgot all his London relations: His Cousin Taylor of the Borough, and his jolly Nephew of the Marlborough, in Bishopsgate street, were equally unremembered in his will. These can say with truth “ he is gone a long journey, he has taken away the bags of money, and the Devil knows what is become of them. ”

Though Jemmy had but little religion in his life, yet towards his latter end he discovered some thoughts of hereafter. Rather than meet his favourite metal in a molten plate and fluid with sulphur and other combustibles, he sought to purchase a place above, for finding himself  
ill



ill, and fearing his illness might finish his days, he sent for the Parish Officers, the Parson, Clerk, and Curate, and after intimating his intention of making a handsome bequest, paid them down TWELVE HUNDRED POUNDS for their prayers for the rest of his soul, but this bargain was not intirely settled until the gentlemen had returned him twelve months INTEREST by way of *Discount*, his usual demand for prompt payment !!!

About seventeen years before this circumstance finding himself ill, and fearing his end approaching, he sent for his two Nephews out of the country; the poor men came at the summons, but on their arrival in London they found him not like a dying man in his bed, but at the Black Horse public house, in the Borough, for he had a little recovered himself.

After mutual congratulations upon seeing each other, he dismissed them to go home back again the same way they came, but not before he presented each of them with a SHILLING to defray part of their expences on the road, and to wait contentedly at home seventeen years longer for that fortune which Jemmy by the unalterable decrees of Heaven could not carry out of this world to the next.

It appears that the rest of his enormous fortune devolved to the two relatives alluded to; whilst those of his kindred in London, in consequence of being cut off, have altered the tenor of their prayers in one article at least, by  
pray

DANIEL DANCER, Esq. 33

praying for their deceased uncle, as the Papists pray for the souls of *Luther and Calvin*,

His name now adorns the donation board of the ancient church of St. Saviour in the Borough, He died in 1793.

Soon after his exit the following Epitaph appeared in one of the Evening papers.

HERE LIES JEMMY TAYLOR,

*alias*

GRIPUS THE SOUTHWARK MISER.

Who lived and died Single to save Expences ;

HIS MATCHLESS ŒCONOMY

Could only be compared to his singular

Resolution in

SELF DENIAL.

He was so disinterested in his Disposition,  
that he never preferred one Person to another,  
but cast an equal Eye upon all his

ACQUAINTANCE.

His Mind was of such a peculiar Cast, that  
he could neither hear the Tale, nor behold the  
Face of the Wretched ; and to avoid mistaken  
Acts of Charity, never bestowed the smallest  
Mite

Mite upon the poor, until Death that shakes  
the Strongest head, whispered " TAYLOR  
"Give Something to the  
" C H U R C H . "

Envied by the Avaricious for his vast Wealth,  
detested by the malicious World for his severe  
Virtues, and regretted by none of his Friends  
Upon the Exchange,  
He gave up this Life with Fears of a Better

IN THE SEVENTIETH YEAR OF HIS EXISTENCE

And has left his Relations perfectly resigned  
to the Will of Heaven  
for having withdrawn in good Time  
the Accumulator of their Fortunes !



CHARACTER



---

---

Content is wealth, the riches of the mind,  
And happy he who can that treasure find,  
But the base miser starves amidst his store,  
Broods on his Gold; and griping still for more,  
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.

DRYDEN.

---

---

C H A R A C T E R

O F

*A M I S E R.*

---

---

---

**A** miser is a being which nature never intended. He is a creature formed out of the remains of the creation after that great work was concluded; when all the finer materials were used up for the composition of such as were intended for social enjoyments, what remained was scarcely

ly sufficient to rub round the sides of the crusty mould in which he was formed. But that he should be insupportable to himself and the world, the step-dame nature gave a surcharge of self love, a kind of inverted understanding, and a false erroneous judgment that changes every thing which offers itself to his comprehension into SELF INTEREST. Thus formed, and thus qualified, a miser breathes without the possibility of enjoying himself, or contributing any thing to the happiness of others.

The principal business of a miser is to contrive how to exert some new instance of self-denial in order to save one penny more tomorrow. He gets up to lie down, and lies down to get up. No tender, no social impressions enliven his waking nights. No agreeable dreams divert his slumbering hours, on the contrary, he startles at every wind, and every motion he fancies a Fiend is stealing from him his dear money. Love never haunts the miser's breast; a strong antipathy prevents him uniting with woman. The love of money predominates over every other consideration, and of mankind in general he stands in awkward and abject awe,  
and

and his mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet, is proof against all the charms of relative enjoyments. His hovel is his Sanctum Sanctorum: Here he loses that time which is useless to him, and at night he retires to the miserable repetition of counting his gold. Such is the terrestrial existence of a miser, but what becomes of him hereafter, God only knows!

For how he fends or how he fares,  
The De'el one knows or De'el one cares.





ly sufficient to rub round the sides of the crusty mould in which he was formed. But that he should be insupportable to himself and the world, the step-dame nature gave a surcharge of self love, a kind of inverted understanding, and a false erroneous judgment that changes every thing which offers itself to his comprehension into SELF INTEREST. Thus formed, and thus qualified, a miser breathes without the possibility of enjoying himself, or contributing any thing to the happiness of others.

The principal business of a miser is to contrive how to exert some new instance of self-denial in order to save one penny more tomorrow. He gets up to lie down, and lies down to get up. No tender, no social impressions enliven his waking nights. No agreeable dreams divert his slumbering hours, on the contrary, he startles at every wind, and every motion he fancies a Fiend is stealing from him his dear money. Love never haunts the miser's breast; a strong antipathy prevents him uniting with woman. The love of money predominates over every other consideration, and of mankind in general he stands in awkward and abject awe,  
and

and his mind as narrow as the neck of a vinegar cruet, is proof against all the charms of relative enjoyments. His hovel is his Sanctum Sanctorum : Here he loses that time which is useless to him, and at night he retires to the miserable repetition of counting his gold. Such is the terestial existence of a miser, but what becomes of him hereafter, God only knows !

For how he fends or how he fares,  
The De'el one knows or De'el one cares.



THE LIFE OF  
 THE CITY ASCETIC;  
 OR,  
 SINGULAR AND SOLITARY  
 LIFE  
 OF MR. H. WELBY,  
 OF  
 GRUB STREET.

---

**H**ENRY WELBY was a native of Lincolnshire, where he had an estate of above a *thousand* pounds a year. He was observed in his life-time to possess in an eminent degree, the qualifications of a Gentleman and a Scholar. Having been a competent time at the university and the Inns of Court, he compleated his education by making the tour of Europe. He was happy in the esteem of the world and the love of his friends, and indeed all that knew him, insomuch that he may here be considered as a perfect contrast to the characters hitherto described in this pamphlet. In fact, his heart was warm, and the virtues of it were conspicuous from his many acts of charity, humanity, and benevolence. But



Secluded from all intercourse with mankind, Mr. Welby led a very blameless life. His diet was constantly bread and water gruel, milk and vegetables, and, when most inclined to indulge himself, then he took the yolk of an egg. He was very curious in knowing how the world went, for he bought all the new books that were published, most of which after perusing, he rejected and gave to his old servant to sell, and constantly applied the produce to the use of the poor. His time was regularly spent in reading, meditation, and prayer. No Carthusian monk was ever more constant and rigid in his

abstinence. His plain garb, his long and white beard, his mortified and venerable aspect, bespoke him an ancient inhabitant of the desert, rather than a gentleman of fortune in a populous City. He expended a great part of his income in acts of charity, many of which were bestowed with a degree of singularity worthy of being recorded. Though his servant never saw him but upon very emergent occasions, yet, through her means he communicated his charities to the neighbourhood round in a very singular manner. When he wanted any thing with the old woman, he used to ring a bell in the middle room and immediately retire into the inner apartment, from whence he asked in a tone of voice sufficient to be heard by her, for what he wanted. His meal time was the constant time with him to receive petitions from the poor, all of which he duly considered; but upon these occasions his servant, still, though the agent of his benevolence, did not see her master, for she did not dare enter his apartment, and not until he had rung the bell in the middle room must she venture to go and take her orders, which, when particular, were in writing.

Upon extraordinary festivals, as Christmas, Easter, Whitsunday, and Michaelmas day, he constantly caused every seasonable sort of provision to be provided, and after being dressed, he had them brought up, and when the servant had retired, Mr. Welby cut the viands up and divided

divided them in donations to the poor of the neighbourhood, according to the number of children or incumbrance of their circumstances. and upon the representation of extraordinary cases, in which he did not like his charity to be quite so conspicuous, the old woman was dispatched with money wrapped up in paper and directions to throw it in at the door or window of the apartment of the poor people, and disappear, which practice he seemed to adopt from the words of the Gospel, "let not your right hand know what your left does."

After having thus spent a life of benevolence and goodwill to all men, and innocent, though singular, he died the 29th of October, 1636, in the eighty fourth year of his age, and lies buried in St. Giles's church, near Cripplegate.

His old maid servant died but six days before him. Mr. Welby left an amiable daughter, who married Sir Christopher Hillyard, a gentleman of Yorkshire; but neither she, nor any of his family ever saw her father after his retirement.

The curious old book from whence this account is extracted, is very scarce, and therefore a description of it may not prove unwelcome to the reader. It is a small 4to and has an engraved frontispiece, representing Mr. Welby sitting before a table, with a book open before him, on which is inscribed "*Vanitas Vanitatum, omnia Vanitas.*" He has a long and thick beard, and a staff in his right hand. It is dated 1637.



---

THE  
 ABSENT MAN;  
 OR,  
 LIFE  
 AND SINGULAR ECCENTRICITIES  
 OF  
 GEORGE HARVEST,  
 PARSON AND COMEDIAN.

---

**M**R. GEORGE HARVEST, Minister of Thames Ditton, was one of the most absent men of his time; he was a lover of good eating, almost to gluttony; very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts, hobgoblins, and fairies, although he had received a very classical education, in the University of Oxford. His fondness for dramatic compositions led him early to try his abilities upon the boards of different provincial theatres, but his vivacity always getting the better of his Judgment, and some mal-entendre impromptu inadvertently popping out he was constantly upon the minus side of his engagement.

Being

Being possessed of a considerable paternal estate, and having a firm friend in Dr. Compton, Bishop of London, for whose daughter Mr. Harvest had a partiality and regard. He at the age of twenty four years, bid adieu to the thespian mania, but not without leaving plenty of incidental anecdotes in the memory of his friends, who have however generously sacrificed them to oblivion, whilst the spirit of detraction has preserved his fame as an eccentric divine of no common abilities, but of extraordinary and singular conduct

He had, at this time, an estate of 300l per annum; and had got so far into the good graces of the Bishop's daughter, that the wedding day was fixed, but unluckily on that day he forgot himself, for being gudgeon fishing, he overstaid the canonical hour; and the lady justly offended at his neglect, broke off the match.

He soon after this commenced housekeeper, and saw variety of company; among others who visited him, was Mr. Arthur Onslow, speaker of the House of commons, who lived at Ember-Court, in the parish of Thames Ditton; this gentleman was very fond of Mr. Harvest's company, insomuch that he procured him the living of Thames Ditton which he held during life. Lord Onslow the speaker's son was also so fond of his company, that he took him to Ember-Court, where he lived more than he did at his own house.

He suffered much from the abuse and dishonesty

nesty of his servants in his absence, who ran him so far in debt that his circumstances became much embarrassed and confused. It is a fact related by those who knew the case, that his maid frequently gave balls to her friends, and her fellow, and other servants, in the neighbourhood, and persuaded her master that the noise he heard was made in the street, or was the effect of wind.

His memory if judged of according to his actions, seem to have been a perfect sieve; for any thing would fall through it, and he has even been tried and found to have forgotten his own name.

His ideas were so confused sometimes, that he has been known to write a letter to one person, direct it to another, and address it to a third, who could not devise who it came from; because he had forgot to subscribe his name to the bottom of it.

If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him in the street in hopes of receiving alms; Mr. Harveſt made him a low bow, told him he was his most obedient humble servant, and walked on.

His reveries and distractions were so frequent, that not a day passed but he committed some egregious mistake. A friend and he walking together in the Temple gardens, one evening, previous to the meeting of the club in Ivy lane to which they were going, called the beef steak club, to which Smollet, Johnson, and others belonged,



belonged, Mr. Harvest picked up a small pebble of so odd a make that he said he would present it to Lord Bute, who was an eminent virtuoso. After they had walked some time, his friend asked him what it was by the clock in the evening, to which pulling out his watch, he answered that they had seven minutes good. They took a turn or two more, when to his friend's astonishment he canted his watch away into the Thames, and with great sedateness in his looks, put up the pebble he had before found, in his fob.

His notorious heedlessness was so apparent, that no one would lend him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or at least, from out of his hands, it being his frequent practice to dismount and lead the horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, or the intervention of a post, occasioned to fall; sometimes it was taken off by the boys, when the parson was seen drawing his bridle after him; and if any one asked him after the animal he could not give the least account of it, or how he had lost it.

Mr. Dryden somewhere observes, that the blemishes in the mental character of men of the best sense, arises oftener from their attachment to some particular science, which too far occupies their attention, than from that thoughtless absence of mind which is sometimes found in persons of an innocent disposition, and this is very well expressed by the French when they  
call

call such men Etourdis ; of this sort was Parson Harvest, as nothing will more plainly exemplify than the following anecdote of him in his clerical capacity.

Being desired to officiate one Sunday morning, at St. Mary's in Oxford, an acquaintance, a wag, wrote the following burlesque upon the banns of Matrimony, and which being duly put forward was read by him as follows.

I publish the marriage banns between,  
 Jack Cheshire and the Widow Gloster,  
 Both of a parish that is seen,  
 'Twixt Oxford here and Paternoster ;  
 Who to keep out the wind and weather,  
 Hereafter mean to pig together ;  
 So if you wish to put in Caveat,  
 Now's the time to let us have it.

Incredible as this may appear, it is certainly fact, and not more strange than Dr. Wharton's exclamation in the pulpit of the same place. This good divine having dined with some jolly company, at a gentleman's house of that city, passing through the streets to the church it being summer time, his ears were loudly saluted with the vigorous cry of live mackarel, this so much dwelt upon the doctors mind, that after a nap while the psalm was performing, as soon as the organ ceased playing he got up in the pulpit, and with eyes half open, cried out, "All alive alive ho!" thus inadvertently keeping  
 ing

ing up the reputation of a latin proverb, which is translated in the following lines.

Great wits to madness nearly are allied,  
And thin partitions do their bounds divide.

The professor of poetry perhaps supposed himself yet with his companions at the convivial table.

And so it was often with Mr. Harvest, he constantly thought of something else than what he ought immediately to have considered; not only the office of his Sacred function, but every other circumstance was forced to yield to his inadvertent way of acting. His distraction seemed to proceed from a certain vivacity and changeableness of temper, which while it raised up an infinite number of ideas in his mind, continually pushed it on without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing therefore is more incongruous than the conceptions and thoughts of such a man, for he was never influenced either by the company he was in, or any of those objects which were placed before him, for while you might fancy him attending to your discourse he was often in thought bobbing for eels or studying the character of Chamont, the young soldier in Otway's Orphan, and it was far from being impossible, but he was building some castle in the air, or like Don Quixote pursuing some cruel knight that had run away with the princess of some puppet show.

Yet



Yet amidst all these vagaries, Mr. Harveſt was a man of good ſenſe, and was every day doing, and ſaying, ſome things, which, though *mal-a-propos*, and undeſigned, denoted his mind to be caſt in no common mould.

His want of attention to the preſent occaſion, led him often into diſagreeable as well as ridiculous miſtakes. Once at a gentleman's houſe in the City, where taking his leave with an intention to go away, in one of his abſent fits, he mounted up three pair of ſtairs into the garret. The maids that by chance were ironing there, wondered what the plague kept ſuch a ſtamping about the rooms; when one of them taking a light to ſee what it was, found the Rev. Mr. Harveſt; who in the utmoſt confuſion told her he fancied he had made ſome miſtake, and begged to know if that was not the way to the ſtreet door!

Such was his abſence and diſtraction, that he frequently uſed to forget the prayer days, and walk into his church with his gun upon his arm to ſee what could have aſſembled the people there.

Wherever he ſlept, he uſed commonly to pervert the uſe of every utenſil: he would waſh his mouth and hands in the chamber pot; make water in the baſon or bottle, wipe himſelf with the ſheets, and not unfrequently go into bed between the ſheets, with his boots on.

In company he never put the bottle round, but always filled it when it ſtood oppoſite to him  
fo

so that he very often took half a dozen glasses running, that he was alone drunk and the rest of the company sober is not therefore to be wondered at. Once, when he was playing at backgammon, he poured out a full glass of wine, and it being his turn to throw, having the box in one hand and the glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallowed down both the dice, and at the same time threw his wine into the backgammon box.

It is observed of the passion of love, that it acts like an inundation, turning every thing that stands in its way topsy turvy, misleading the judgment, blinding the understanding, punishing the wise man, and tickling the fool; but this powerful incentive to action, had no effect upon Mr. Harvest. After his first affair with the Bishop's Daughter, one would think he would have taken better care the second time, and have been in the way when the parson was waiting, and the bride was willing: but no! Mr. Harvest was the same absent man still, and he made himself as ridiculous this time as the first, and lost an amiable girl with a good fortune. In short when the destined happy day arrived on which he was to become a Husband, and the Coach called at his door to bring him to breakfast with his intended, and her father, presto! pass! and begone! the gentleman was not to be found—He had taken himself off the same morning about seven o'clock, and nobody could tell what was become of him, and

Yet amidst all these vagaries, Mr. Harvest was a man of good sense, and was every day doing, and saying, some things, which, though *mal-a-propos*, and undesigned, denoted his mind to be cast in no common mould.

His want of attention to the present occasion, led him often into disagreeable as well as ridiculous mistakes. Once at a gentleman's house in the City, where taking his leave with an intention to go away, in one of his absent fits, he mounted up three pair of stairs into the garret. The maids that by chance were ironing there, wondered what the plague kept such a stamping about the rooms; when one of them taking a light to see what it was, found the Rev. Mr. Harvest; who in the utmost confusion told her he fancied he had made some mistake, and begged to know if that was not the way to the street door!

Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer days, and walk into his church with his gun upon his arm to see what could have assembled the people there.

Wherever he slept, he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil: he would wash his mouth and hands in the chamber pot; make water in the basin or bottle, wipe himself with the sheets, and not unfrequently go into bed between the sheets, with his boots on.

In company he never put the bottle round, but always filled it when it stood opposite to him  
so



so that he very often took half a dozen glasses running, that he was alone drunk and the rest of the company sober is not therefore to be wondered at. Once, when he was playing at backgammon, he poured out a full glass of wine, and it being his turn to throw, having the box in one hand and the glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallowed down both the dice, and at the same time threw his wine into the backgammon box.

It is observed of the passion of love, that it acts like an inundation, turning every thing that stands in its way topsy turvy, misleading the judgment, blinding the understanding, punishing the wise man, and tickling the fool; but this powerful incentive to action, had no effect upon Mr. Harvest. After his first affair with the Bishop's Daughter, one would think he would have taken better care the second time, and have been in the way when the parson was waiting, and the bride was willing: but no! Mr. Harvest was the same absent man still, and he made himself as ridiculous this time as the first, and lost an amiable girl with a good fortune. In short when the destined happy day arrived on which he was to become a Husband, and the Coach called at his door to bring him to breakfast with his intended, and her father, presto! pass! and begone! the gentleman was not to be found—He had taken himself off the same morning about seven o'clock, and nobody could tell what was become of him, and

F it

it was nearly dusk that he recollected any thing of the affair, and then he took to his heels, from the company he was in, and ran, like a madman, all the way back, and such a dirty figure he was when he arrived, that he was scarce to be known. The truth was, that being invited by the fineness of the weather, he had strayed as far as Richmond, where he had been hooked into company to dine, and upon the return of the Coach to Thames Ditton, he accidentally bethought himself of this momentous business, so stopping the Coach, he made all the haste possible through thick & thin to the place of assignation, to apologize, if possible, for this egregious piece of neglect; but this Lady, like the first, thought herself so ill used, that she would never see him afterwards; yet Mr. Harvest used often to mention that day as the pleasantest of his whole life.

His figure was one of the most uncouth imaginable; he seldom had a clean shirt on, and when he happened to have one, he either wanted shaving, or had dirty boots on, or perhaps two odd stockings instead of a pair, and if any one remarked to him the great impropriety of his slovenliness, he would reply that, "*indeed he was not very exact.*"

An equestrian expedition of his, to see the above mentioned Lady, during the period of their courtship, must not be omitted here. Thinking it necessary to go on horse-back, as it was winter, and the roads very dirty, he  
thought

thought he might save the time of shifting himself, by doing it upon the road, upon his Rosinante; so providing himself with a clean cravat and shirt in his pocket, he proceeded on until he came to the lane at the bottom of which the Lady lived, when stripping himself, and laying his things before him upon the saddle, just as he was attempting to put his shirt on, his horse took fright and ran with him quite to the door of the lady's house, where was to be found the Reverend Mr. Harvest without a shirt or hat, for all his things were like Johnny Gilpin's wig and hat on the road, and lay to be bleached in the mud till the Doctor and a servant came and collected them together.

He mostly travelled on foot regardless of all weathers, his shoes and stockings were generally in a beastly pickle, for he never cleaned them nor would he suffer them to be cleaned, The Surry and Kent roads, forty years ago, were not so good as they are now, some of them were confounded deep then, and if they had been a fathom or more it would have been just the same to parson Harvest, for he never picked his steps, but waded through the middle of every thing, and he had like to have been run over once or twice. To have robbed him of any money would have been totally impossible; for he very seldom carried any about him, save a few halfpence to buy a few shrimps or gingerbread, a pennyworth of which he would put into his waistcoat pocket, and forget they were

F 2

there,



there, among tobacco, gun powder, worms, gentles for fishing, and other articles. This rubbish he often carried about him till it smelled so as to make his presence almost insufferable. The late Lady Dowager of Pembroke once turned out such an heterogeneous conglomeration of stuff as filled the parlour dust shovel; yet with all those peculiarities he was a man of considerable classical learning, and a deep metaphysician, though generally reckoned a little cracked.

I have already observed his intimacy with the Onslow family, who lived at Ember-Court, in the parish of Thames Ditton. This family was so fond of Mr. Harveſt's company, that he had a bed there and reſided with them as long as he liked together. One day, Lady Onslow being deſirous of knowing the moſt remarkable planets and conſtellations, requeſted Mr. Harveſt; on a fine evening to point them out to her, which he undertook to do; but in the miſt of his lecture, having occaſion to make water, thought that need not interrupt it, and accordingly directing that operation with one hand, went on in his explanations with the other, pointing out the various conſtellations in the heavens: "that ſtream of light," ſaid he madam, is the milky way; this planet is a capital one, and is attended by its guards or Satellites:"—meaning the planet Jupiter. The bilge water running all the while before him.

His

His idea of propriety in discourse before the fair sex may be taken from the following anecdote. One day when Lady Onslow had a good deal of company, Mr. Harvest got up and said 'ladies, I am going to the Boguoy,' meaning a certain place. Being jested and reproved for this indelicate piece of behaviour; in order to mend it the next day got up and desired the company to take notice, he was not then going to that place he called the Boguoy.

The family had a private mode of warning him when he was going wrong or into any impropriety: this was by crying col. col. which meant fellow of a college; those inaccuracies in his behaviour having been, by Lady Onslow, called behaving like a mere scholar, or fellow of a college.

Mr. Harvest making one in a company with Mr. Onslow, in a punt on the Thames, began to read a favorite passage in a greek author with such strange theatric gestures that his wig soon fell into the water, when such was his impatience after it that he jumped in to fetch it out, and from whence he was with difficulty, fished out himself. Upon returning into the boat he only observed his greek had never had such a wetting.

His advance in years did not cure him in the least of his thoughtless inadvertency. When Lord Sandwich was canvassing for the Vice-chancellorship of Cambridge, Mr. Harvest, who had been his school-fellow at Eton, went

down to give him his vote; one day at dinner, there in a large company, my Lord jesting with Harveſt on their boyiſh tricks, the parſon ſuddenly exclaimed, “apropos, whence do you my Lord derive your nick-name of JEMMY TWITCHER?” Why, answered his Lordſhip, from ſome fooliſh fellow.—“No, no,” replied Harveſt, “it is not *from ſome*, but every body that calls you ſo.” On which his Lordſhip to end the diſagreeable altercation, being near the pudding, put a large ſlice on the Doctör’s plate, who immediately ſeizing it, ſtopped his own mouth for that time.

The Doctör was a great lover of pudding, as well as argument. Once at a viſitation, the Archdeacon was talking very pathetically on the tranſitory things of this life; among which he enumerated many particulars; ſuch as health, beauty, riches, and power; the Doctör who liſtened with great attention, turning about to help himſelf with a ſlice of pudding, found it was all gone; on which turning to the Rev. Moralift he begged that Mr. Archdeacon, in his future catalogue of tranſitory things, would not forget to insert a PUDDING.

His fondneſs for theatric performances very much abated in his latter years. Lady Onſlow one day, took him to accompany her to ſee Garrick play ſome favorite character. They took their ſeats in the front row of the front boxes; and Harveſt knowing he was to ſleep in town, literally brought his nightcap in his pocket.



pocket It was of striped woollen, and had not been washed full half a year.

In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap came out with it and fell into the pit; the person on whom it fell tossed it from him; the next did the same: and the cap was for some minutes handed to and fro, all over the pit. Harvest who was afraid of losing his conveniency, got up and after hemming three times to clear his pipes, began to make an oration, signifying to those who were thus amusing themselves with his cap, to restore it when they had had enough fun with it, for he observed it was a very serious thing to die without a night cap. "And please to restore it to me who am the owner of it;" at the same time placing his left hand on his breast, declared "I shall be restless to night if I have not my cap." The mob struck with his manner, handed up the cap on the end of one of their sticks, thus putting the Doctor out of fear of a restless night.

His abruptness to the ladies has been already remarked; another instance of it, and no more. Once when he was sitting among a company, mostly of the fair sex, at Lady Onslow's, a big fly, which had buzzed about him a long while, atlast settled upon the bonnet of one of the ladies, which the Doctor observing, got up and with a formal look and accent, pronounced very loud (to the fly) "may you be married," and watching his opportunity to kill it, he lifted his hand and gave the lady such a slap upon the head as  
quite

quite deranged her attire, and confused the company so, that had not Lady Onslow entered the room at that moment and made an apology for the rudeness of the Doctor's conduct, the whole company would have retired quite affronted. But upon Mr. Harvest begging pardon of the offended lady, and confessing he did not know what he was doing, it ended in a hearty laugh, and the general discourse of the whole company.

His ideas were so confused sometimes that he performed actions equal to those done by the effect of Somnambulism. Once perceiving a friend and his wife in an upper room at the house at Ember Court; he in the way of a joke only, locked them in and put the key in his pocket; when soon after being called down about some business, he forgot what he had done by the time he came to the foot of the stairs, went out with the key in his pocket, and it was near dark before the two prisoners could be put at liberty. Another time, in one of his absent fits, he mistook his friend's house, and went into another, the door of which happened to stand open, and no servant being in the way, he rambled all over the house, till coming into a middle room where was an old lady ill in bed of a Quincy, he stumbled over the night stool, threw a cloaths horse down, and might not have ended there, had not the affrighted patient made a noise at his intrusion, which brought up the servants who finding doctor Harvest in the room, instead of

of the apothecary that was momentarily expected, quieted the old lady's fears, who by this was taken with such an immoderate fit of laughter at his confusion that it broke the quincy in her throat and she lived many years afterwards to thank Doctor Harvest for his lucky mistake.

Having to preach before the clergy at the Visitation, he had provided himself with three sermons for the purpose which he had in his pocket: some wags got possession of them, mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up as one. The Doctor began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of his discourse; he grew confused, but still he persisted and went on, and actually preached out first, the clergy who had met on the occasion, next the churchwardens, and lastly the congregation, nor would he yet have ended, had not the sexton and beadle admonished him that all the pews were empty, for they declared to his reverence, "they were all gone out,"

Mr Harvest's forgetfulness continued with him through life, yet he was an amusing companion, and if we may judge of him from the sermons which he printed, he was no inelegant scholar, but in his person he was the most beastly sloven alive. He died at Ember Court in August 1789 aged 61.

F I N I S.



## BOOKS PRINTED FOR ANN LEMOINE.

---

### THE LIFE OF THE PENURIOUS JOHN ELWES, ESQUIRE,

By EDWARD TOPHAM, ESQ.

A New Edition, with a Frontispiece—PRICE SIXPENCE.

The life of Mr. Elwes, we believe, has no parallel. He joined in all the folly and dissipation of the great, at night—and in the day, might be seen driving his cattle to Smithfield—At New-Market he would risk 7000*l.* on a horse-race, and would travel 60 or 70 miles with no other refreshment than a hard-boiled egg and a crust, which he carried in his pocket—He has frequently lent large sums of money without even taking a memorandum of the person for it.—When riding 5 or 6 miles, to save a penny at a turnpike was a great luxury to him—He denied himself the common comforts of life, when it was notorious his property amounted to near a million of money; in short, such a mixture of good and bad qualities, we believe, never were centred in any other human being.

### THE MYSTERIOUS MOTHER,

A TRAGEDY,

By HORACE WALPOLE, (the late LORD ORFORD)

Price 1*s.* Fine—6*d.* Common.

“Of the present Tragedy, we may boldly pronounce, that for Nervous, Simple, and Pathetic, Language; each appropriated to the several persons of the Drama: for striking incidents; for address in conducting the Plot; and for consistency of Characters uniformly preserved through the whole Piece; it is equal, if not superior, to any play of the present century.”

BIOGRAPHIA DRAMATICA.

### THE DESERTED VILLAGE,

A DESCRIPTIVE POEM—By DR. GOLDSMITH,

A New Edition, with a Frontispiece, Price 6*d.*

### THE STORY OF JOHNNY GILPIN,

With Two Additional Parts,—New Edition, Price 4*d.*

